




# KULA MANU



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# Kula Manu

A Brigham Young University - Hawaii Publication

under the direction of the

Division of Language, Literature, and Communications

## Acknowledgements

We are pleased to announce the publication of the 1994 Kula Manu. This journal is the result of much hard work and cooperation by many people. We, the staff, would like to thank our Faculty Advisor, Margaret Blair Young, for her aid and encouragement. The Language, Literature, and Communications (LLC) Division also provided invaluable support, especially financial. We are particularly indebted to the LLC secretarial staff: Keleise Taulogo, Michelle Campbell, and Marcelle Gill. Mostly importantly we thank the many people who submitted entries to the Kula Manu. Once again our cover contest was a great success. Our only regret is that we were unable to publish even more of the fine quality work submitted. We have selected what we considered to be the best of the entries and hope you enjoy reading them.

BYU-Hawaii has suffered a tremendous loss in the passing of Joseph Kelly Nicholes of the Fine Arts Division. We offer our deepest condolences to his family and have dedicated a special section, pages 10-11, of the Kula Manu to his memory. We will also be losing President Alton L. Wade to BYU-Provo next year. We wish him and his family well and hope they know they will be missed.

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

*Cover design by Angelina Chong*

<b>A Tribute to Joe Nicholes</b>	
<b>An Innocent Excess</b>	10
Joseph Kelly Nicholes	

<b>To A Scholar Dying Young</b>	11
Jim Walker	

<b>Short Story</b>	
<b>Encounter</b>	39
Myrna Marler	

<b>Leftover Insanity</b>	20
Wilfredo Cruz Manalang	

<b>Mission to Antares</b>	28
Greg A. Berryman	

<b>Nocturne</b>	63
Wong, Lee Lan	

<b>Seeing Kaleidoscope Jones</b>	55
Shuana Barnes	

<b>Sir Bandyknee and the Ferocious, Killer Dragon of the Great North Wood</b>	2
Amy R. Miller	

<b>Essay</b>	
<b>Battered</b>	37
Sara Jane Hartle	

<b>Cat Guts</b>	<b>60</b>
D. Scott Kaina Barba	
<b>Joyful &amp; Triumphant</b>	<b>7</b>
Robyn Rae Sonomura	
<b>A Jungle Trek</b>	<b>51</b>
Sannie Tan Phaik San	
<b>The Humble Palette</b>	<b>12</b>
Steven W. Miles	
<b>The Meadow</b>	<b>47</b>
Loke Ying Cheat	
 <b>Poetry</b>	
<b>Alien</b>	<b>38</b>
Robyn Rae Sonomura	
<b>Blue Sand</b>	<b>50</b>
Mark Hisashi Tyan Sonomura	
<b>Children of Pinatubo</b>	<b>53</b>
Glenn Chadderton	
<b>A Father's Lament</b>	<b>27</b>
C. J. Fankhauser	
<b>Gracious Geisha</b>	<b>33</b>
Rochelle Fonoti-Hoskin	
<b>He Inoa nō Pele</b>	<b>46</b>
Mark James	
<b>"If I were one"</b>	<b>62</b>
Neil Hughes	

<b>Just A Thought</b>	<b>36</b>
Amy R. Miller	
<b>Raindrop Haiku</b>	<b>24</b>
Shaun Ellsworth	
<b>Rangatira</b>	<b>34</b>
C. J. Fankhauser	
<b>Snow</b>	<b>18</b>
Michael K. Hinds	
<b>Spring Birth</b>	<b>15</b>
Bruce Young	
<b>"Stones warm me"</b>	<b>44</b>
Neil Hughes	
<b>Unison</b>	<b>1</b>
Melissa Farrell	
<b>Why Him Mama?</b>	<b>25</b>
Rochelle Fonoti-Hoskin	
<b>"The winds speak . . ."</b>	<b>48</b>
Michael J. Spencer	
<b>Art/Photo</b>	
<b>Deprived</b>	<b>26</b>
Prakash Shardanand	
<b>Form and Content</b>	<b>14</b>
Angelina Chong	
<b>ini'a e atea</b>	<b>6</b>
Scott Nagata	
<b>"KAU'ILANI"</b>	<b>49</b>
Curt O kimoto	

**Na Keiki** 54  
Ramona Teahi Tahauri

**Nene** 59  
Darren West

**Nivean** 45  
Llewellyn Fisher

**Untitled** 19  
Jesus Carlo V. Pantì

**Untitled** 35  
Jesus Carlo V. Pantì

**Humor**  
**DSM-III #301.64: ME** 16  
Chad Ford

**My Stainless Steel Wok** 9  
Alan Cheung



prize winner

# Unison

by Melissa Farrell

POETRY

While the Hollyhocks sang  
    a vibrant song  
    and the Sycamore  
    swayed to keep rhythm  
    You stood motionless  
over the alabaster, looking  
    into a reflective glare  
annoyed by the repetitive clinking  
    of droplets into the sink.

prize winner

# Sir Bandyknee and the Ferocious, Killer Dragon of the Great North Wood

by Amy R. Miller

short story

Sir Bandyknee followed cautiously after the upright figure of the formidable Sir Drake. They were in search of a dragon, and not just any dragon, either. No, the formidable Sir Drake felt that only the meanest, most widely feared dragon was a match for him. Besides, it just would not do to allow anyone at court to question his courage; he had accepted the challenge of this dragon with alacrity. Sir Bandyknee was very much against the entire mission. However, it was his very first dragon hunting trip and Sir Drake was well known for his dragon fighting skills, so he kept his contesting, perhaps cowardly, opinions to himself. He was having enough trouble just staying on his horse. It wasn't really fair that his horse Stalwart had a habit of stopping by the road unexpectedly to graze. Which Stalwart decided to do at that exact moment.

The horse planted all four feet in the road at once, causing Sir Bandyknee to fall awkwardly against his horse's neck. His armor clanged, and he dropped the reins in his scramble to remain astride his mount. Sir Drake stopped and turned his head back to make sure his companion was still seated. Bandyknee could feel the mighty knight's glare from fifty paces back through his visor.

Sir Drake did not say a word. Sir Bandyknee was relieved to see him take this latest setback so well. Drake rode his horse back, gathered up the fallen reins, and pulled the stalled Stalwart forward. He tossed the reigns back to the embarrassed Bandyknee and spurred his horse into a gallop. The young Bandyknee sighed and spurred his horse into a trot.

The two rode in silence for the rest of the afternoon. All the while the younger knight meditated on the mess he'd gotten himself into. It all started because he had been born the sixth son of a minor nobleman. There really was nothing left for him to do but become a knight and discover new, exciting ways to get himself killed. Bandyknee resented the whole business and had decided long ago he should have been born a serf so he could at least wear rea-

sonable clothing when impressive people were around. Armor chafed abominably, and dragon hunting wasn't a very uplifting pastime. Besides, if the stupid monster stayed away from the major castles and only killed the villagers, Bandyknee couldn't see any reason to kill it. Live and let live was his motto; life is much safer that way.

The dragon they hunted had a formidable reputation. Stories of its strength and evilness circulated through the King's court for weeks before a knight was willing to ride to the challenge. The Ferocious, Killer Dragon of the Great North Wood was reputed to be 50 feet long, 10 feet tall, completely covered in dark green scales, and able to breath fire. Some said he could talk. Sir Drake laughed at the stories, called them exaggerated children's nonsense. Sir Bandyknee listened with increasing dread to every single story, and he believed every single one of them.

Around tea time, when Bandyknee's stomach was beginning to growl, the two knights reached the dragon's cave. Without even consulting his companion Sir Drake raised his horn to his lips and blasted a challenge. Stalwart squealed and bolted. Surprisingly, Bandyknee stayed on his back.

Stalwart raced away at speeds his poor knight had never experienced before. After ten minutes, the winded horse skidded to a stop at the roadside and the knight flew over his neck. He landed with an echoing crash in the middle of the road. The sixth healthy son of a minor nobleman groaned loudly. Part of him hoped someone was around to help him up and another part of him just wanted to get out of this whole venture with at least part of his dignity intact. He finally forced himself to his feet, watching as pieces of his armor fell clanking around him. His breast plate was still attached and his helmet didn't seem too awfully bent so he decided he had done pretty well considering the circumstances. At least he was doing well until Stalwart decided he wanted to go back and look for grass at the dragon's cave.

Sir Bandyknee banged after his horse, cursing. He was now convinced his father hated him; why else would he have given him such a stupid horse? When Bandyknee reached the cave after half an hour of creative insults concerning his father, five older brothers, and his horse, the first thing that struck him was the silence. Incredulous, Bandyknee inspected the clearing in front of the cave. A couple of trees seemed a little scorched and there was a small pile of scrap metal under one tree, but other than that . . . Uh oh, scrap

metal was usually not a good sign when knights had been battling dragons. And for that matter, neither was the loud gullumping coming up toward the mouth of the cave.

A monstrous blue head suddenly appeared. Bandyknee dove for cover just in time to avoid being scorched.

"What do you want?" The dragon seemed a little irritated.

Sir Bandyknee was too busy being scared to reply.

"Well? You bring me all the way out of my cave with all your loud clanking about and you can't even issue a decent challenge?" The Ferocious, Killer Dragon of the Great North Wood very disgustingly plopped himself down on his forelimbs and began to methodically pick his teeth with a suspiciously human-like bone. "You're a lousy knight."

Sir Bandyknee found his voice, "You're not green."

"No one ever seems to get that right." The dragon seemed a little pleased. "It's so nice to know not every human is completely colorblind."

"You're very large also," was the knight's only remark.

The Ferocious, Killer Dragon looked even more pleased.

"How nice of you to notice. No one really pays attention to details anymore. C'mon, how large would you say I am? Be honest now."

Sir Bandyknee managed to look thoughtful before he answered, "you have to be 75 feet long at the very least. Very impressive, I've never seen a dragon as large as you before." The young knight's one accomplishment was flattery; he had six sisters.

The dragon looked a little suspicious. "You're not making this up are you? I can't really tell myself; I broke my mirror about 100 years ago and I know I've grown since then."

"I'm absolutely serious." He looked very serious anyway.

"Oh, I believe you." The beast paused to pick at a stubborn something in his teeth. "Now, what did you say you were here for anyway? That Sir Duck fellow wanted to slay me, what do you want? And hurry up, I haven't got all day."

"I heard that the most fearsome monster to ever live resided in the Great North Woods. I came only to admire your greatness," Sir Bandyknee answered quite grandiosely.

The dragon snorted. (Bandyknee had to jump out of the way of the flame.) "You're pushing it, knight. (Excuse the flame; I didn't mean to scorch you yet.) I'm not very gullible."

The knight hung his head and looked shamefacedly at the



dragon. "You are much too smart for me. Actually, I came to talk Sir Drake out of battling with you. About two miles back, I found him and tried to stop him. Unfortunately, he overpowered me and threw me from my horse. I'm very sorry I was not able to keep him from disturbing your sleep, your greatness." Sir Bandyknee was also very good at making up stories; he had a mother, too.

"I really wouldn't mind so much if it didn't happen all the time. I never get any sleep. My cousin up in the Great Northeast Wood got himself killed on purpose last week just so he could be rid of the pestering creatures." The Ferocious, Killer Dragon of the Great North Wood looked a little disgusted at the idea. "At least he had the good grace to eat the one that killed him just before he died."

The beginnings of a plan were starting to form in the back of Sir Bandyknee's mind. "I think I know how you can get some rest, your honor."

"I can eat you and go back to bed; I tire of this game." The dragon moved forward menacingly.

"No! wait!" the knight spoke very quickly. "The Great Northeast Wood isn't very far from here. I'll go back to the king's court and say I killed you and describe your cousin's cave to anyone who wishes to confirm my story. No one will ever come to bother you here and I can have all the glory of killing you. It really works quite well both ways, don't you think?"

The Ferocious, Killer Dragon of the Great North Wood considered Sir Bandyknee's plan for a very long moment. The knight began to form images of the figure he would cut through court and the life-threatening quests all five of his brothers would take just to show their little brother up. Life was starting to look very rosy for the young knight.

"I can definitely see merits to your plan, Sir Knight." The beast smiled. "But no." With that, the beast leaned over and gobbled Sir Bandyknee up. "I really would rather keep my reputation, but thank you for the offer," the dragon said quite politely to the empty air before him. He belched and gullumped back to his cave to take his afternoon nap.



prize winner

# ini'a e atea

by Scott Nagata

Art/Photo



prize winner

# Joyful and Triumphant

by Robyn Rae Sonomura

ESSAY

"Over here, Sis. Sonomura! There's someone I want you to meet!"

Elder Hacking's bright red hair made him easy to spot amidst the wheelchairs. Feeling a rush of relief, I hurried over to join him. A first time volunteer at the December Special Olympics, I found myself in a situation I was totally unprepared for. Full of the Christmas spirit, the missionaries in my zone jumped at the chance to do this service project. We were given responsibility for the most severely handicapped participants. I shuddered because of the brisk winter air, or so I told myself. Flailing arms and legs became independent creatures. Saliva dripped down chins while heads on rubbery necks swayed back and forth. Though I didn't want to stare, I couldn't tear my eyes away from the crowd before me.

Elder Hacking met me with his sunshine smile and a handshake.

"Sister Sonomura, this is Timmy. Timmy this is Sister Sonomura."

I hadn't taken notice of his charge until that very second. He put my hand into the hand of a rag doll draped across a wheelchair. Elder Hacking went on to tell me how "awesome" Timmy was and how they were going to win his event again. I studied the rag doll, wondering if it had any grasp on the goings-on around it.

We always called the participants "kids" but Timmy, like many of the other participants, was older than myself. Timmy looked so young. A passerby might have guessed his age to be 16. I figured his lack of comprehension of life and its woes gave him an innocent look. Slightly contorted, he looked like a corrugated scarecrow. Suspended by a silly putty neck, his head flopped onto his shoulder; webs of spittle hanging from his chin waved in the breeze. With a spasmodic jerk, he turned and looked at me. Vacant and hazy, his eyes could as well have been focused on the angels above my head as on my face. I tried to brave a smile and say something polite. I doubted Timmy understood me at all.

Elder Hacking acted as though nothing was wrong with

Timmy. He conversed and joked with the rag doll as he would have with any of the other elders. Elder Hacking showed me a silver 69 written in duct tape on the back of Timmy's wheelchair. According to Elder Hacking, Timmy told him 69 was his favorite number. How he told him, I couldn't imagine. Occasionally Timmy moaned or sputtered, but his awkward lips never formed any semblance of speech. I thought Scott made up those tidbits like pet owners do. Meow. Oh, you want to go outside, do you? Meow. You did what today, sweetie? Meow. Don't you talk back to me!

I finally asked, "What do you mean, he told you?"

Flashing me the grin of a kid with a treasured secret, Elder Hacking said, "Watch this!" He knelt before Timmy and looked him in the eyes. "Timmy, what is my name?"

Elder Hacking began pointing at Timmy's lap board in a systematic manner. The face of the lap board was covered with a multicolored grid. Each of the squares contained either a word, letter or number. Different colored columns separated the contents. For instance, all of the numbers were in red columns. Names were in green. Common words like 'on' and 'off', 'yes' and 'no', etc. were in blue. Elder Hacking touched the different colored areas one by one while he scrutinized Timmy's face for a reaction.

"Purple? Blue? Green?"

Suddenly, a blink.

"You want green?"

Now he rolled his head. Elder Hacking began pointing to the green squares one by one.

"Chris? John? Travis? Scott?" Timmy rocked violently. Elder Hacking turned a triumphant face to me.

"My first name is Scott."

I began watching Timmy more carefully. The spasms and rocking weren't mindless as I had originally thought. Timmy couldn't always control his body enough to give the normal physical reactions in anger or affirmation, but he reacted. As Elder Hacking and I joked with each other we noted Timmy laughed at the appropriate times.

Elder Hacking suggested we sing Christmas carols for Timmy. Amidst the din of broom hockey and relay games, we delivered a command performance for an audience of one. I joined my soprano voice with Elder Hacking's tenor to sing "Silent Night." Pitting our voices against the surrounding cacaphony we declared "Joy to the



World." Timmy listened dreamily and we continued our carols.

"Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant . . ."

Something akin to a smile crept across the Timmy's face. Joyful and triumphant. Suddenly I looked at Timmy. Touched by fairy godmother's wand, his rags had disappeared, leaving another Timmy stunningly revealed. Epiphany by tradition comes after Christmas, but I celebrated early.

Everything I had taught about the resurrection as a missionary flooded my mind all at once. In the Book of Mormon, the prophet Amulek taught that in the resurrection the spirit and the body would be reunited in its "perfect form": no more illness, no more deformities, no more imperfections.

I looked at Timmy's crooked grin again and smiled. I wondered if Timmy told Elder Hacking this secret too.

prize winner

## My Stainless Steel Wok

(With Apologies to William Carlos Williams)

by Alan Cheung

Humor

So much depends  
upon

a stainless steel  
wok

greased with peanut  
oil

beside the Teriyaki  
chickens.

# An Innocent Excess

by Joseph Kelly Nicholes

Forgive me  
But I know no way  
To be a fraction less than every bit  
In love with you.  
I cannot say that my attraction  
Even knows the possibility  
Of fraction.

Portion is a part  
I cannot play.

Love knows no degree;  
I cannot love a half  
Or third, or part, or piece  
Of whole.  
Love lies beyond the absurdity  
Of all condition.  
It is all  
Or it is nothing.  
It is utter;  
It is entire;  
It is eternal fire  
Of supreme fruition.

Forgive me  
But for this obsession  
I must make  
A thorough and complete confession.  
I say forgive because  
I fear that you might fear  
From me (so soon) such fullness.  
Please do not.  
Be patient with an innocent excess.  
It is the way of love,  
And I cannot do less.

For Vicki  
May 29, 1980



# To a Scholar Dying Young: For Joe

by Jim Walker

That day you lectured to your peers  
They lauded you just short of  
cheers,  
The skeptics, non-initiates,  
Won over as you fascinate,

With words and paintings represent  
Keen polished research eloquent,  
Your future promise stellar bright,  
Poised for steep and soaring flight.

Today, as quick as lightning's strike,  
All's changed, and though your sterling like  
May seldom here again be seen,  
You're gone. It seems as if some  
dream

Had slid a shadow o'er the moon  
Or struck a false key reft of tune  
And wives and husbands meditate,  
Consider their own future state.

Oh transience! transience! Keats  
would cry  
His mournful notes to brooding sky.  
He too left soon—too soon by far  
In spite of yearnings to his star.

Like Arthur Hallam, Shelley, Keats,  
You've joined the steepled group  
that meets  
Progenitors and Him Divine  
Far faster than in wonted time.

If you in that far place so blessed  
Find Housman's athlete in your rest,  
Please tell him that we knew him  
too,

E'en though our thoughts lie most  
with you.

In time's long span—eternity—

You've reached the place we all will  
be.

I hope they'll let you set aside  
A quiet place to show your slides,

To share your knowledge, educate,  
Continue as in mortal state.  
And we'll remember through barbed  
rue  
The scholar-lad that those here  
knew.

We hope for loved ones left behind  
Soft balm of roses, solaced minds,  
The memory of you at your peak,  
Clear pensive sureness as you speak,

But core of all, beyond all else,  
The knowledge that you still have  
felt  
Their love and loss, their reaching  
through  
To touch etemal souls with you.

We hear your laughter cross the  
dark,  
Know warmth and wit still fill your  
heart;  
These everlasting gifts remain—  
That you press forward without  
pain,  
That we will all see you again.

# THE HUMBLE PALETTE

by Steven Miles

In the Colorado Rocky Mountains, the night temperatures drop low in early October. Protected from the chilling night air by the solid cabin walls, I sleep restlessly through the night for I know tomorrow I am going to create a masterpiece. My brushes, palette, and paints are neatly packed in a backpack and set by the door along with my portable easel and my one canvas. At the first hint of morning, I spring out from under the secure warmth of the blankets with the anticipation and excitement of a child on Christmas morning. Hurriedly I pull on my flannel shirt and winter pants to protect my still warm flesh from the chill that has penetrated the cabin through the night. After a hasty breakfast and a splash of cold water on my face, I pack a lunch and am ready to go out and create my greatest work of art. Flinging my pack upon my shoulder and tucking my easel and canvas under my arm, I venture out. Standing on the porch, breathing in the crisp mountain air, I look up at a cloudless blue sky.

"What a great day for painting!" I exclaim to myself. It is a quiet mountain morning as I stand and listen. The tall majestic pine trees have a slight breeze whispering through their branches. Coolness surrounds my body and the pine scent that permeates the air tantalizes my nose like fine perfume. Slowly I make my way down the path through the forest, watching the ground beneath my feet as I walk. There is an intricate pattern of light and dark shapes being created by the early sunlight filtering through the tree branches high above me. As this complex tracery appears on the ground, I capture myself in the thought of being surrounded by the most beautiful lace table linens ever sewn. Kicking a few pine cones with my feet, I watch as their knobby egg shapes tumble and bump across the ground disturbing the beautiful lace patterns. Glancing over the ground, I notice numerous piles of cones that have fallen from the towering trees above, adding texture and dimension to the forest floor. Looking up ahead, I see the green meadow approaching—letting me know I will be leaving this forest haven. Upon entering the clearing and turning to say farewell to the tall majestic pines, I quickly notice how neatly they stand at the edge of the meadow in a straight line with trunks stretching proudly to the sky. They seem

like soldiers standing at attention. I can feel their pride as they stand erect, protecting the forest.

My eyes are quickly captivated by the meadow area. Yellow heads of wild sunflowers dance on the surface of the abundant green grass. The yellow flowers are like droplets of sunshine that have fallen from the sky and splashed open, leaving a starburst of color to admire. The tall grass ripples like waves of the ocean as the fall breeze blows gently across the clearing. In the middle of the clearing, coming upon a wide bed of smooth river rocks, I foresee the coming spring when the sound of this gentle, trickling water will grow into a large, raging beast as winter snows, from the high country, melt and run down to quench the thirst of the new spring flora. While deep in thought, I am startled by a wild deer jumping and running towards the forest. She has come down from the higher mountains to winter in the forest pines for her protection. To my left, I see a grove of aspen trees with their coin-shaped leaves rustling in the gentle wind. The fall season has kissed each one of the leaves turning them bright colors. The ground is becoming a carpet of golden yellow, copper, red, and bronze-orange coins as they gently float down from the tree branches. This beauty is what I want to capture on my canvas.

Setting up my easel and canvas, I prepare my palette. Squeezing paint from the various tubes which I have chosen, my palette becomes an array of earth colors. With my palette filled and brush in hand, I am ready to capture this splendor and create my masterpiece. As my brush moves towards the blank canvas, my eyes suddenly fill with tears and my heart begins to beat rapidly, for I fear that no brush nor human hand can capture all of this majestic beauty. Slowly, turning completely around, I take a panoramic view of all that is before me and question who is the true artist and Master Creator.

Challenging myself, I paint fervently for hours. The day draws to a close, and I am truly humbled as I slowly leave this mountain paradise. Making my way back to the security of the cabin for the night, I know that I capture only a small portion of the true Master's piece.



# Form and Content

by Angelina Chong



Angelina Chong

# Spring Birth

by Bruce Young

The words that warmed the winter nights  
And set a boy's soul listening  
Are not now quite so comforting  
(Although they warm with stronger fire  
And gather in one living Word).  
The words are not so comforting  
Because they turn my mind to spring—  
The first green hints of shoots and stems  
That, for full growth, point to the need  
Of the death and burial of the seed.

Winter scenes seem coldest now  
As signs of wakening life appear  
And hope of spring joins with the fear  
Of movement toward another winter.  
Even watching the night-time sky  
Whose stars seem fixed in place and kind,  
I see a pattern of change designed  
By the seasons' steady, slow rotation  
And remember a light that touched the earth  
To teach the wonder and the pain of birth.

The morning and the evening star  
That in one season rose and fell,  
Buried in darkness only to swell  
Sun-like in everliving light,  
Shines now to urge my following,  
Though by a way I fear to go,  
A way requiring me to know  
Of both the birth and death in spring.



# DSM-III #301.64: ME

by Chad Ford

April 4, 1978. Not a day that shall live in infamy for most, yet a significant event happened on this date in the small suburb of Raytown, Missouri. Fully dressed in his white robe, sand stockings and light saber in hand, Luke Skywalker appeared on my doorstep for a brief moment to wave at the traffic that passed 9900 E. Gregory.

I blame my mother for making me the costume for Halloween the previous year, and even more so for letting me continue to wear it. But that was the day it happened. A mild-mannered, seven-year-old boy put on a costume, and became someone from a galaxy, far, far away, even if it only lasted for 10 minutes.

The traffic passed. Luke was confused that no one seemed to care that an intergalactic hero stood so majestically in this little hole of a town. I (I mean Luke) waited until some five year old girls wandered over from across the street, and asked for an autograph. Things would never be the same.

Hello, my name is Chad Ford: I over-identify with celebrities.

I am coming forth, today, with information withheld from the general public for years due to its sensitive nature: I am the product of television, movies, and music: I am the product of mass media in America

Call it karma, call it fate, it was bound to happen. With the importance mass media plays on society, over-identification was bound to happen. I live in my own Fantasy Island, where I create the fantasies and then live them out. I love Elvis impersonators, U2, the Road Runner, Martin Luther King, and Arsenio Hall. I don't actually love them; rather, I love certain traits or images kindled by them. Harmless enough? But around April 4, 1978, I began unconsciously modeling my life around them. I have become a vintage vault of a human being. I am everyone I've ever met.

Certainly that statement is a bit broad. I like to break my psychosis down into four psychotic categories: speech, physique, appearance, and personal relationships. Let's take a look.

Speech becomes an art for the over-identifier. Impersonations flow from my lips. I've mimicked every one from George Bush to James Brown. If I'm in a tight situation on the phone, I merely

become someone else, and make people's life a little more surreal. Sure, it costs me a few jobs here and there and gets me into more than my fair share of fights . . . but it's O.K. I do a great Bruce Lee.

Physique, on the other hand, has become a chilling fact of life. For about the last six months, it has become apparent that my body alone was not going to pay the bills, so I improvised. Loose shirts and baggy jean shorts have become the official leisure attire. Speedo's are out — honor code or no honor code. Feigned sprained ankles are the norm at basketball tournaments where fate has chosen me to be on the "skins" team. Stick camouflage has become a way of life.

When I think of appearance, I think of Bob Marley. Who else but I, would buy a dreadlocks wig and wear it to the mall? Fifteen armed security guards began following me into every store. I proceeded to go into Frederick's of Hollywood and ask for an application. I was promptly turned down. Being an over-identifier, I have found, doesn't guarantee equal opportunity employment.

But as surely as the tide flows from the sea, I get into the most trouble with my romantic relationships. It seems I over-relate to losers like Barry Manilow or Julio Iglesias, which would probably get me a lot farther with some harlot at the Last Chance Lounge, than it has with my wife. I'll start with the most romantic first-kiss scene from *Sleepless in Seattle* and lead up to that grand finale from the classic, not-a-dry-eye-in-the-place, last episode, break-up scene from that timeless sitcom, *Joanie Loves Chachi*. How did I ever get married you ask? Luckily, my wife's name is Joanie and she broke my nose before I could pull anything else.

Eventually, someone considering locking me up will ask the magic question: "Why?" It seems like the more I strive to be like my idols, the more they become a part of me. Like it or not, I can't say, "I am what I am" (unless I'm doing Popeye.) I am what the world is, wrapped up in a 165-pound stick of a body. It's not that bad a deal. Actually, it works out quite well. I always know what to say (unless I haven't seen the movie, or heard the song, or . . .). It keeps me on my toes especially when I fall into situations mere mild mannered Chad Ford couldn't have possibly fallen into himself.

Being an over-identifier adds a new dimension to an otherwise predictable life. Whether I'm identifying with Kelly Slater winning the Quicksilver Classic, or with Bono singing to a sold out arena, I

feel like a director, and, in a way I am directing my life into one harmonious scene. And though I probably do have enough personalities to make the Exorcist jump back and say, "That guy's a loon!" being a product of mass media isn't all that bad. With this much variety, chances are, I'll never get canceled.

## Snow

by Michael K. Hinds

Snow  
is like  
an army  
that  
Sneaks in  
Silently  
and lays  
Siege upon  
a City.



# Untitled

by Jesus Carlo V. Panti



# LEFTOVER INSANITY

by Wilfredo Cruz Manalang

"Coast is clear!"

My little brother Tommy, as always, jumps and flaps with enthusiasm.

Passing through a pattern, yellow buds with green leaves on top of a cloud, the journey across the land of Bountiful is a nightmare. But that unfamiliar tangy scent becomes attractive enough for us to take the risk—the risk of Bounty Hunter, a Big Foot with giant sharp spike covered soles, or the hazard of whipping bristles tied on a long stick.

What could be more enchanting than to have a taste of that soft, sticky, yellow cube left on top of a skyscraper? Such a delicacy is like a vintage grape juice found in the termites' neighborhood, the old cellar. And the dirty lagoon, floating porcelain islets usually come with surprises—mashed golden mud, polished green ball, and a wide variety of tasty Big Foot puke. Just thinking about what's in store for us makes me more hungry. But for Tommy, he only wants to get out of the dark and find new areas to track on.

The brat, just like his East Wind father, runs with a record of twenty-nine centi-leaps per second. With such impulses I doubt if he has time to think before he acts. Good thing my Rock-Dweller blood keeps me domesticated and wise. Even though we have different fathers, I always feel responsible for the kid. His father, after raping Mom at the pool gutter, abandoned her helpless. Now that Tommy is out of his shell, I am taking over the fatherhood role. I teach him the basic rigors of his being a cucuracha.

Ahhh, the aroma of marinated de-feathered fowl.

Prepared to be devoured by neighbors of the same kingdom, the scent could be coming from a pool of leftovers mixed in a smooth circular container. The task is to find the source of that fresh meat before the others do. In fact, Debbie Spides, Flat-Nose Brat, Sleazy Worma, Chillin' Kit, and Cujo Mujo might be partying right now.

Moving further, the floor feels cold and wet.

Ten.

No, probably sixteen.

They all look the same.



Smooth cubic humps with four sides of crevices.

The smell stops at the familiar architecture where mother Corrine died. She usually went there to look for food. That is the only thing she really cared for: feeding her thousands of kids. I miss her tremendously. And Tommy, he wants to find her body. Sometimes I think the kid believes she is still alive. From experience, anyone who has been gone for two days is usually pronounced missing or dead. Mother has been gone for three days now.

I remember the day she said goodbye. Her face sank from her oval body. She gave me a kiss between my bulging black eyes, as if she knew what was about to happen. I even recall asking her to bring home some sweets. And when she took off, she looked back hastily for me to glance at her wrinkled antennae. I never saw her face again.

Now, it is my turn to take her tracks. The tracks of a legendary place called Promised Land, but for me that is where Bounty Hunter—the worst kind of Big Foot—plays. He kills anything that walks or crawls upon his floor. He is the terror of the underworld.

"Hurry!" commences the brat.

Looking up, a seven foot climb is needed to get a clear view of what is on top of the gigantic Promised Land, a skyscraper plateau with four-pillar foundation. Going to the zenith will be very difficult. In case of a miscalculation, a support wing will serve as a glider to make the fall harmless. Armed and ready, we expect our belly to be filled before the six o'clock alarm of daylight comes.

Almost halfway, Tommy, with his short legs, sticks well on the curvatures of the pillar in front of us. He moves eagerly. Mildew around the pillar makes me slip. My legs are a little bit too long to hold onto the carvings. Having misjudged my capabilities, I have to make an extra effort to find ways of keeping up with the small imp. Suddenly, the misty air of dawn starts to spread the morning chill.

"Big Foot alarm!" Tommy sends a warning signal from the end of the pillar.

Remembering the words of the ancient explorers, my antennae stiffen jumble intensely. About 350 to 280 million roach years ago, during the Carboniferous age, my forefathers left impressions on stones. Like hieroglyphics, a crossed foot mark imprint indicates the warning: "Beware of the two legged creatures."

The intricate design of the pillars makes the climb to the top more difficult than expected. The cycle of the energy-giving-light

ball seems slower than usual. Nobody is around, even friends of the night are sleeping over for the next evening. Not even the Die-Yet beer drinking duet, Cricketty Twins, do their standard "ick-ick" noise.

Asleep?

Finally, I reach the top. "Tommy, where are you?"

That little rascal, he thinks he can do everything. He always wants to be ahead of me. No respect, no respect at all! If I get a hold of him, I'll pull his tail for everyone to see. No, I'll pinch his dark cuticle until it comes off his puny head.

"Over here," whispers Tommy, "over here."

As he motions for me, I look up to see a Big Foot lying on top of the plateau. The right leg hangs from the plateau, and the other bends.

"Is this Bounty Hunter?" my brother asks.

"Could be," I say as I look at the bare left foot flat on the plateau.

Yes, barefoot. No weapons.

We are safe.

With confidence that we will not be squashed if silence is kept, the search for the necessities of life goes on. Moving with a cautious pace to avoid the warm blooded creature that blocks most of the space, Tommy and I go separate ways. Tommy crawls to the opposite side, and I push my thick body into loop holes.

The Big Foot looks pale. He does not have the usual fabric covering seen on Bounty Hunter. This sleeping giant is naked, from head to toe. In fact, he seems shorter than the dreaded roach killer. Knowing the irritating sensation caused by our six legs on Big Foots, Tommy and I have to be careful not to crawl on the sleeping monster's stiff and cold skin.

"Up here!"

Looking at the head, Tommy finds the most tempting discovery. A loaf of stale manna, Mom's favorite mix of Big Foot gummy puke, is stuck in the opening of the lying creature's food-chomper. It's old, molded manna. The smell seduces our starving bellies.

Scenes of death flash into my mind—pulverized heads, tattered wings, crushed antennae. I remember the words of the explorers: "Stay away from the two legged creatures."

"Tommy, get down here!"

Still, there isn't any movement from the monster.

No shoes. No weapon.

Having decided to follow my little brother, I climb carefully up the rocky mid section between the Big Foot's humongous legs. The voyage seems like passing through an enormous jungle. I delicately grip the monster's black forest strands to avoid the sensitive shaft part of his body. Going up, the ridges make the climb exhausting. The ripples on the creature's upper body make me dizzy. But, if Tommy can do it, I certainly can do it. The valley between the two identical hills is deep and wet, not moving up and down. What makes the journey harder is the thick red liquid that goes from the valley down to the small pool near the black forest strands.

No breeze.

At last, the head. With the manna halfway down the Big Foot's food-chomper, Tommy eats at the toasted corner. Feeding the body is an exciting thing. My frustrations sweeten to ecstasy.

Klugunk!

"Tommy, what's that?"

Chunk!

As I look at the source of the sound, Bounty Hunter—the dreaded roach killer—stands next to his fellow Big Foot. His skinny features illuminate that frightening look. Bounty Hunter, naked like the short Big Foot lying on the table, holds only a sharp glistening cutting tool.

"Tommy, where are you?"

My eyes shift to the manna; Tommy hides sheepishly inside one of the tiny caves above the sleeping Big Foot's food-chomper. And as I try to go inside the other cave, my lower mandibles hang open.

Chunk! Chunk! Chunk!

The lower portion of the lying creature suddenly dislocates. The legs first, then the arms separate. The shaft is cut off.

Chunk, head falls.

Earthquake!

The manna starts to sink. As Bounty Hunter picks up the head, the force from his colossal hands pushes the whole manna into the food-chomper. Tommy and I still hide inside the murky holes. Red liquid mixes with the moldy manna.

Sinking. Sinking.

Can't breathe.

Trapped.

Bounty Hunter carries the head into the cold forbidden box. We cannot move. Our bodies start to freeze from the chill brought by the hard liquid spikes hanging over us. A white mist blocks our vision. Tommy crawls out of his hiding place. Passing through different colors of monster head—black, white, yellow—my little brother suddenly stops. Wondering why, I walk out from my hole. As I look to where Tommy's glance is, a loud hissing sound of pain vibrates from the inner depths of my breathing pores. From a distance, mother is crucified on a head's eyeball.

Dead.

Aunt Clara, Little Kid Joe, and others I knew before, who were reported missing, are pinned on different Big Foot body parts. As Tommy and I freeze from the cold, insanity, bit by bit, ensnares us while we wait for our own crucifixion.

## Raindrop Haiku

by Shawn Ellsworth

One small raindrop falls.  
A cloud, waiting for the sign,  
caref'ly tests its aim.



# Why Him, Mama?

by Rochelle Fonoti Hoskin

Why him, Mama?  
That uluka'e<sup>{1}</sup> in  
his musty green uniform,  
inch high  
boots and  
coconut oiled hair,  
making his rounds  
at the R.S.A<sup>{2}</sup>  
delivering his garb  
fueled by  
kegs of Vailima<sup>{3}</sup>.  
How could you, Mama?  
Lumped over your  
tattered, miniscule Bible,  
licking pisupo<sup>{4}</sup> juice and  
coconut cream from  
his greasy palms  
on a starry  
moonlit eve.  
Did you realize, Mama,  
he would hop on a liner  
leaving you  
heavy with child?

- {1} *Samoa for cracked head or stupid*
- {2} *Returned Soldiers Association*
- {3} *Samoa brewed beer named after village where  
Robert Louis Stevenson lived*
- {4} *Samoa for tinned or canned corned beef*

# Deprived

by Prakash Shardanand



# A Father's Lament

by C.J. Fankhauser

Sleep Little Princess, sleep.  
Though I stretched my kingly arm to keep  
Evil from thy hand,  
Now a slumber of death seals the land.  
The skies are dark for thee, and angels weep.

Cry little princess, cry.  
For me, in all my power did I try  
To keep that needle from thy finger  
Yet thy blood was spent, the Evil One doth linger.  
Her taunted wrath from me to thee did fly.

See little Princess, see  
That I crushed every spinning-wheel for thee,  
To keep life within your eyes.  
Still your body so unwakeable before me lies,  
And this punishment ignores a king's decree.

Forgive little Princess, forgive.  
I wish this penalty were mine so you might live  
To taste the raindrops from the skies,  
Yet the tears that your imperfect father cries  
Are wiped with hands that cannot heal nor give.

Pray little Princess, pray  
That the promised handsome prince will, on that day,  
Fight the thorns that guard your sleep,  
And heal the wound I could not from you keep.  
With a kiss that waits one hundred years to play.

As I, your father, can only watch and weep. . .  
Sleep my little Princess, softly sleep.



# Mission to Antares

by Greg A. Berryman

That particular Thursday had started out normally enough with the usual disappointing lack of messages from New Jerusalem on the comm unit. I know not everyone gets a call to go on a mission. After all, even with the dedication of the Shaanxi Temple in old China (Isn't it amazing how the names of nations still linger on even 357 years into the Millennium?) there are only 9,863 temples in current operation and something like twenty-five to thirty million applicants for temple missions.

Still everyone expects me to go on a mission, especially Leah. And even if he didn't say anything yesterday at my great great grandfather's "twinkling" ceremony, I could tell that my father was disappointed I had no mission call to announce.

Pretty much the whole family was there to watch the Bishop "twinkle" Grandpa Ezekiel Johnson. I know what you're thinking but he is not THE Ezekiel Johnson, the first president of the New Jerusalem Temple. He is however that Ezekiel's son born in the year of the Second Coming. Fortunately, he was too busy dying and resurrecting "within the twinkling of an eye" to remind me again how he, his son, grandson, and great granddaughter, my mother, all served missions at the New Jerusalem Temple.

Leah managed to bring the subject up though. I suppose I shouldn't really blame her; she would be leaving for the Wessex Temple in just over a month. No sooner had we slipped into our seats than she placed her hand in mine and she began whispering, "Well Steve, any word on your mission call yet? How long has it been?"

I turned to tell her it had already been over six months and to add my thanks for the reminder that I had already waited twice as long as anyone else in the ward. Luckily, I was distracted by a tangle of her golden-red hair setting off those green-flecked eyes that could open so wide as if they could see my whole soul. I managed to whisper as gently as I could that we would talk about it later and forced my attention back to the Bishop who was introducing those who were to be "twinkled."

The ceremony yesterday had been both profound and edifying, but standing in front of a nearly empty comm unit screen



thinking about it wasn't getting me to school. Finally acknowledging to myself that the flashing "No Incoming Messages" on the comm unit screen wasn't going to change, I grabbed my hand-held and headed for my Creation Sciences 415 class. I only needed one more semester at BYU-Kirtland to graduate. It looked more and more like I was going to graduate before ever being called on a mission—if I even got called on a mission.

Class discussions did manage to get my mind off a mission call for a while. In my CS 415 class we were exploring gravity and its relationship to the Unified Field Theory. We even had the opportunity to read part of Molindu's Thesis in the original Swahili. Somehow talking of galaxy formation and the movement patterns of sub-atomic muons drove thoughts of my own disappointments from my mind.

Then came lunch. Recently I had not looked forward to meeting Leah for lunch as much as I had when we first started dating about a year ago. But today I half hoped that our little "discussion" yesterday might keep our conversation off my missing mission call. Unfortunately, my wish was fulfilled. Leah's studious attempt to avoid the subject brought it that much more to the forefront of my thoughts.

My afternoon astronomy class managed to again drive thoughts of a mission or lack of it to the back of my mind. On that particular day we were delving into the geography of Mars. I had always dreamed of space travel. I used to devour every book or movie I could find about the Manned Mars Mission Disaster of 2015.

The trip home on the Ohio-Texas shuttle seemed quicker than usual. I used to think the two-hour flight seemed like forever but these days I was no longer in such a hurry to get back to my apartment. In fact, I had begun walking home from the San Angelo Shuttle Station just to delay my return home. Of course I told Leah that I was walking for the exercise. I am not sure how much I was really fooling her.

Walking up the stairs to my apartment (the elevator was much too fast) I began trying to think of chores I could do that would allow me to put off checking my comm unit for messages. I began to wish for the primitive days of the twentieth century when clothes were washed in big old noisy machines or even by hand, when floors and rugs were cleaned by pushing around some machine called a Hoover. Modern self-cleaning apartments and homes sure freed up a

lot of time for studying, Home Teaching, or whatever, but right then I didn't want any spare time.

Eventually I entered the apartment and downloaded all my notes from my hand-held into the comm unit's main memory. That took all of two or three seconds but I tried to stretch it out by having the computer run a check on the downloaded files which took up another one or two seconds. Finally, reluctantly, I steeled myself to check for messages.

I had prepared myself so well for the disappointing "No Incoming Messages" that I had half turned from the comm unit before realizing that "3 Incoming Messages" was flashing on the screen. Hope flared within me before I could dampen it. I needed to remind myself that the presence of messages did not necessarily mean I had received a mission call.

I flipped the voice activation switch and said, "Computer, list messages."

"Three messages have been received: two text and one voice," came the reply in an almost perfect imitation of Leah's voice.

"What are the origin and subjects of messages?"

"The voice message is from Leah Stone; subject - marked personal. Text message one is from BYU-Kirtland, Registrar's Office; subject - second semester registration. Text message two is from the Office of the President of the Quorum of the Twelve; subject - mission call."

Well there it was the message I had been working for all my life and waiting for the eternity of the past six months. I am still not sure why I hesitated before accessing that message. I decided to look at the other ones first. Nothing particularly earth shattering was in them. Leah wanted me to call her and the school wanted me to pick my classes for the next semester. It was the third message I both wanted and dreaded.

It took a moment but I managed to calm my nerves enough to say, "Display second text message."

I suppose I should have been sitting before I read the message; I was certainly sitting by the time I got through the first sentence. The words "called on a proselyting mission to Antares" seemed to just leap out and push me into the chair. A proselyting mission? To Antares? No one had been called on a full-time proselyting mission since the Nepal Stake was organized over 150 years ago. And Antares? We had known for decades that human life existed on

other planets but I had always just assumed that they had the gospel. Well, that's not strictly true. Actually I really never gave it a thought. But you can bet I started thinking hard about it right then.

I continued to read the message though I didn't really take in much of what it said. It was basically the standard form letter that accompanied mission calls— until I got to the end where I read things like “report to the New Jerusalem MTC on April 3, 357” and that was only three weeks away. I got my third and final shock when I read the part about its being a “ten-year mission.”

Ten years!

Leah and I had talked about getting married shortly after we returned from our missions but I wondered if she could or would wait an extra eight years. And what if I didn't come back? Visions of the disaster of 2015 came thundering through my mind. This was the Millennium; no one had “tasted death” for over three hundred years. Hospitals, doctors, and diseases were something we read about on history disks. But could I be sure that situation held true off of the Earth?

I sat there in front of the comm unit's screen wondering what to do. Doubts and questions flitted around my mind. I had to face up to the fact that I wasn't sure I wanted to go.

“Incoming voice communication request,” spoke the computer.

“Who is it?”

“Origin - Leah Stone from the LA-New Jerusalem shuttle mobile unit.”

“Okay. Put it on screen.”

Leah's face filled the screen. “Hey Steve, I'm going to the New Jerusalem Library to work on my Theology 315 paper and thought maybe you would like to join me and we could have dinner together.”

“Not tonight, Leah. I've got a lot of work to do.” Naturally, I couldn't fool her.

“What's wrong?”

“Well, I got my mission call and . . .” Her shouts of delight lifted my spirits until I remembered I had to finish what I was going to say. “Yes, well, the problem, you see, is I'm not sure I want to accept the call.”

Her silence was just as loud as her shouts had been.

“Well, say something,” I urged.

“What do you want me say? What can I say? Steve, how can



you even think of turning down a mission? That's wrong! You know it's wrong. There's been no willful disobedience for over three hundred years. You can't say no."

"Wait a minute. What about free agency? The right to choose? Besides you haven't heard all of it. This isn't just some two years at a comfortable temple; I've been called to go on a ten-year mission to Antares. Ten years! To Antares!"

"What difference does that make? You go where the Lord calls you to go, and you know it."

"Free agency still exists; it's still my choice."

"Yes, you can choose, but that doesn't guarantee your choice will be right. Besides you've often talked about what it would be like to travel in space. I'd think you'd be excited."

"Dreaming of space travel and being faced with the reality of it are two different things. The last time man tried to go into space over 150 lives were lost." Actually hearing my fears made them seem a bit ridiculous but none the less real.

"That was before the Millennium, Steve, and you know it. The scriptures say there's no death during the Millennium. Weren't you paying attention yesterday at the 'twinkling?' Look, the shuttle is about to land. You know what you should do. I'll grab the next flight to San Angelo and see you in a little over an hour."

Her face disappeared from the screen before I could answer. She was right of course. The only right thing to do was to accept the call and go. But that didn't make it any easier. I began to pray. That's what Papa always recommends but let's face it, with the Master reigning in Jerusalem and presiding at the world-wide conferences it just didn't always seem that necessary to pray to the unseen Father. I prayed harder than I can ever remember praying before. And to be honest, I don't know what I was expecting—but all I could think was I already knew the right thing to do.

Finally I decided that doubts or not, I had to do what I knew what was right. I had the comm unit send an acceptance message to the Twelve with a copy to the Bishop. Still, it didn't feel right; frankly, I was scared. What could I do? "Father," I cried, having nowhere else to turn, "please help me." Nothing happened: no angels, no shaft of light, nothing except the memory that miracles come after the trial of faith. It appeared that my trial was just beginning. I was still scared but more determined.

I looked at the time and realized Leah would be landing shortly. With a much faster step than coming home, I headed for the shuttle station to meet her. I began to wonder, "Would they let couples go to Antares?"



# Gracious Geisha

by Rochelle Fonoti-Hoskin

Gracious Geisha  
gently gazing,  
glued and gunned  
to her fragile,  
glassed case.  
Pursed ruby lips  
and powdered white cheeks--  
what does she hide within  
the folds of her fan?  
Flourescent orange silk  
drapes her prized,  
petite body-  
steamed and fragranced  
for a self-indulging client.  
Gracious Geisha  
abused and deflowered,  
glued and gunned  
to her fragile,  
glassed case.

# Rangatira<sup>[1]</sup>. The Sleeping Giant.

by C.J. Fankhauser

The only Father I've really known  
Witnessing my growth  
Silently all who took  
From me.

I see you veiled in pink,  
The soft down of the Kiwi  
Encompassing your shoulders,  
Wearing the cloak of your  
Chieftainship.

Everywhere I looked, I saw your mana<sup>[2]</sup>.  
Your shadow was my manaia<sup>[3]</sup>  
Sheltering me from Rangi<sup>[4]</sup>  
But lifting me towards heaven.

Red hot, your anger burned  
When you saw what they did,  
But you withheld your fire  
For it would have killed all.

Koro<sup>[5]</sup>, do you still love me?  
Do you still stand proud and strong  
Though I haven't turned my soul  
Toward thee for years?

I would come and see you  
But the land you protect  
Protects them,  
And I can't deal with that now.

With Tane<sup>[6]</sup>, Tongoroa<sup>[7]</sup>, Papa<sup>[8]</sup>,  
All at your feet, and Rangi at your lips  
You will always be my Rangatira.  
And one day I will come home to thee.  
To my mountain. Taranaki<sup>[9]</sup>.

[1].Rangatira: Maori Cheiftain.

[2].Mana: Strength

[3].Manaia: Guardian.

[4].Rangi: Sky or The Father Sky God

[5].Koro: Grandfather

[6].Tane: The God of Man, Forests and Birds.

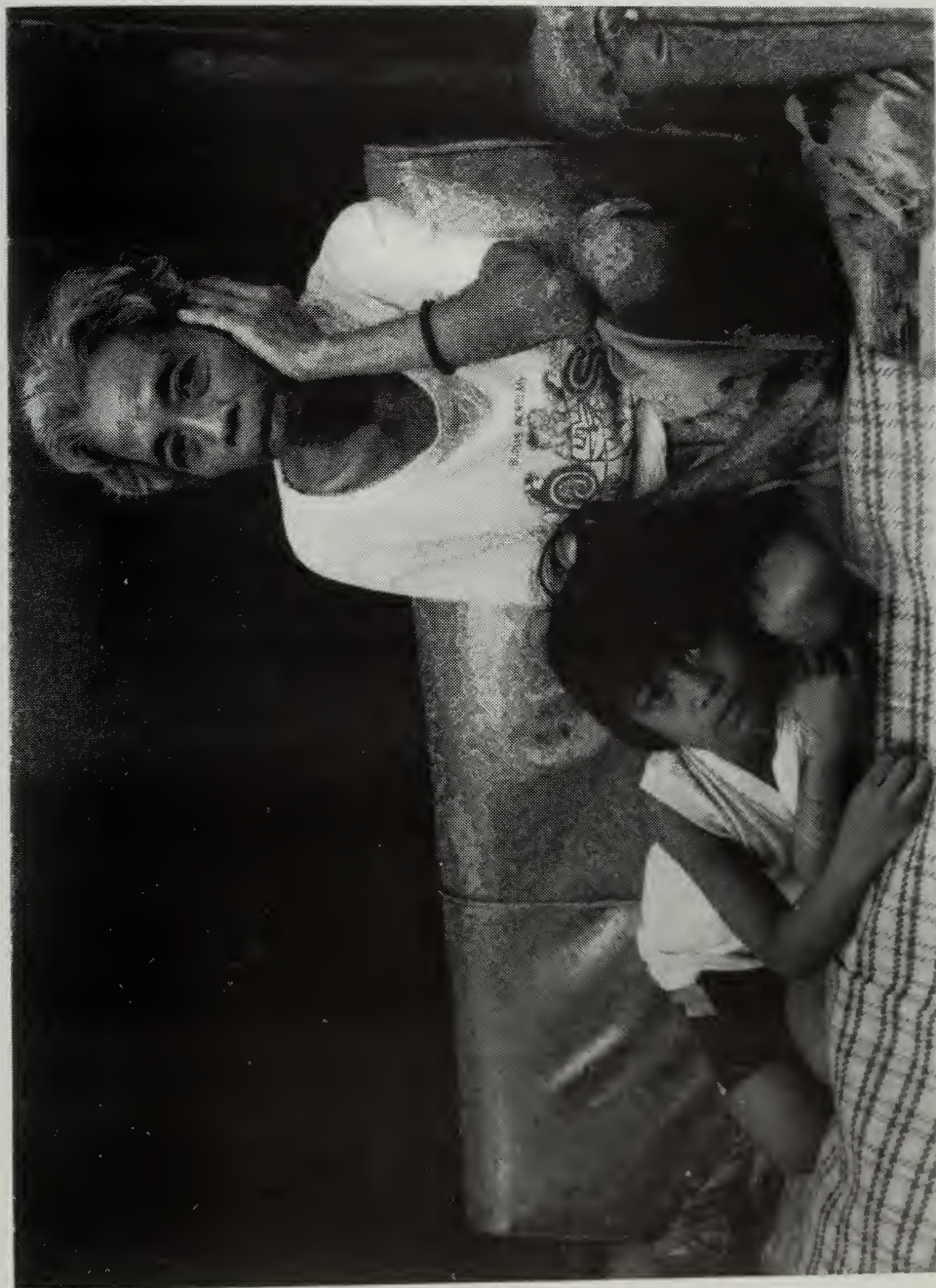
[7].Tongoroa: God of Mountains, Fire and War.

[8].Papa: Earth or Mother Earth Goddess

[9].Taranaki: Maori name given to Mt Egmont, New Zealand.

# Untitled

by Jesus Carlo V. Panti



# Just a Thought

by Amy R. Miller

It is amazing to me  
that there could be  
so much water in the sky  
that when it falls  
in great sheets to earth  
rivers and streams appear,  
gravitating toward each other,  
creating cold, black ponds  
that stay only long enough  
to challenge the sun.  
Water's character vasculates  
with the temperature.  
If the ground is too warm  
it breaks free of itself,  
rising in invisible masses  
to the cool upper reaches of sky.  
Seas, billowy and saltless, converge  
above our complacent heads  
until the sky itself is too cold  
and the relentless traveler bruises  
the sea floors with its efforts  
to find perfection once more  
by flinging itself to the comforts of earth.  
And laughing at itself,  
it continues its vain pursuit,  
taking pleasure from its ageless cycle.



# Battered

by Sara J. Hartie

He raised his hand slowly. He could see the frightened look on Lisa's features as he struck her. Her head flew to the side and she fell to the floor.

"Don't even think about going and crying to your parents again Lisa, or there will be hell to pay." Derrick seethed, clenching his wide hand into a fist. Lisa picked herself off of the floor, wiping lipstick and blood together from her mouth. Tears splattered on the kitchen tile floor as she made her way to the bathroom. Derrick followed.

"Get away from me!" Lisa could hear herself shriek.

"What are you going to do about it, Miss Lets-Get-A-Job-At-The-Dumpy-Supermarket. I should just dump you and those little brats of yours. Then we'd see where you would be. You have nothing, you are nothing. What could you do with yourself? Huh — huh?"

Lisa knew he was right. Her blood boiled in her veins. She wanted to kill someone — anyone. She wanted to scream at her mother for raising her to believe that nice young ladies grew up and married nice young men who would take care of them. She wanted to hit her father for always talking to her brothers, teaching them things, and treating her like she was second class. She wanted to choke her third grade teacher who told her that proper little girls don't play basketball. She even wanted to scream at her grandmother for giving her an ironing board and little men's shirts for her 8th birthday.

The pressure mounted in her brain, ready to explode. She sprinted out of the bathroom, her long brown hair trailing behind her. She made her way down the hall, trying to reach the bedroom before her husband could catch her. She knew how futile this was as she felt him yank her backwards.

"Yes, you know you're worth nothing without me!" Derrick hissed through clenched teeth. "You've got no education, no brains, no money, nothing!" He turned her around, putting her in a choke hold. Lisa gasped for air as the edges of her vision turned black.

"Please don't!" she cried out.

Derrick slammed her against the door frame, his purple face

right up next to hers, and screamed, "Don't what huh? I can't stand the sight of you anymore! Dinner had better be ready by 5 o'clock today. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, yes." Lisa whimpered as he punched her in the stomach, leaving her gasping for air. She backed up into the room, shutting the door. She could hear his footsteps down the hall, and then the door slammed. It was quiet for a very long time before the tears came. Lisa knew what she was. She knew that she was one of the thousands of battered women in our society--a society that teaches that men are superior, that they should be in control. A society that gives the delusion that men are naturally better workers and should be paid more. A society that puts men in power over women—a dangerous position.

Lisa finished crying, wiped her blackened eyes and did the only thing she felt she could do. She went out to the kitchen to fix dinner for Derrick.

## Alien

by Robyn Rae Sonomura

A comfortless light  
Finds me condemned to a pew  
Designed to keep the unpious awake.

Sweet and musty, incense  
Floods my offended nostrils  
As smoke snakes through grainy air.

Granite-faced, shorn-headed,  
The priest from my Kung Fu nightmares  
Moans an endless, unintelligible singsong.

On the sidewalk outside,  
Unseen happy feet clip-clop by.

# ENCOUNTER

by Myrna Marler

The cashier slid Jennifer the change across the smooth fomite counter before turning her back to start ringing up the next customer. Jennifer picked at it with her fingernail and thumb, then dropped the quarter and nickel into her gaping shoulder bag. The man behind her pushed his cart forward, stopping just short of her hip, and hurriedly Jennifer hoisted the bulky brown paper sack jutting school notebooks, pee-chee folders, paper napkins, and a plastic dishpan onto her right arm. The sack pulled the thin material of her maternity blouse tight across her belly and the navy blue and gray stripes splayed out crookedly. It was such an ugly blouse.

She pushed her way to the front door, edging her bulk around the abandoned shopping carts, and the clumps of people standing in shorts and t-shirts in front of the sunglasses and greeting card displays. A woman carrying a styrofoam surfboard bumped it against Jennifer's stomach and she glanced up in quick irritation, but the woman had wandered on.

The heat outside the air-conditioned store closed around her like the palm of a giant sweaty hand. Late afternoon sunlight flashed off the hoods of the cars in the parking lot, and lit up the mica crystals in the sidewalk. Across the parking lot she could see the black macadam of the highway, and beyond that, obscured by streetlight poles, a stop sign, a bus hut, and high-growing weeds, were a few palm trees, a patch of sand, and then the limitless blue of the ocean. Hawaii. Not quite what the travel posters advertised, and not quite what her husband promised when he had brought her here six months ago.

She stood indecisively in front of the drugstore, wanting a Coke icee. The heated aroma of wam donuts floated by on the damp air from the bakery next door, where they also had an icee machine, leaking crystal tendrils of cold condensation down its refrigerated front. Jennifer glanced down at her watch, then back out to the parking lot, wishing one of the cars there was hers. Theirs was in the shop again, and the mechanic had estimated \$350.00. Her

husband said it was a good thing the buses were so dependable in Hawaii. She checked her watch one more time. The buses were dependable. They came every 30 minutes. She just didn't know which 30 minutes. Were icees legal on the bus?

She tested the roof of her mouth with her tongue. It was dry. She'd sort of promised her husband to cut down on Coke. Her arms ached from carrying her sack, and the baby clunked against her stomach wall with a demanding foot. The waistband of her maternity pants was soaked with sweat, and her underwear clung with clammy tenderness to her back, but she didn't know if she had time enough for a Coke icee before the next bus came. Turning left, she went into the bakery.

The woman behind the counter stopped wiping the glass counter briefly, her rayon uniform limp. "A large Coke icee," Jennifer said, setting her bag down on the ice cream freezer to fumble in her coin purse. A wadded dollar bill surfaced, and Jennifer pulled it open and handed it across the counter where it disappeared into the cash register. The plastic cardboard cup she got in return felt cold in her fingers, the condensation wetting her hand, the mounded cola fizzing slightly as it began to melt. She licked at it twice before swinging her shoulder bag back and picking up her sack again.

The sweet liquid trickling down her throat as she swallowed ameliorated the effect of the heat when she stepped outside again. She walked through the parking lot and across the street, to sit down on the wooden bench in the bus stop hut. Carefully avoiding the wads of abandoned gum, and ignoring the splinters poking up through the seat of her pants, she set her sack down beside her, and took a long swallow of the drink. Peace.

The orange and white snout of the bus growled its way around the corner. Jennifer looked at her nearly-full icee cup. What were the bus rules in Hawaii? She set it down to fumble again in her coin purse for eighty-five cents, then hoisted the bag onto her right hip, clutched her icee cup in her right hand, curled her left around the quarters and stood up. The bus groaned to a stop in



front of her on a wave of heat and diesel fumes, and the doors flapped open like dinosaur jaws to devour her.

Jennifer held her drink in plain sight, right in front of her stomach and brown paper sack as she slowly mounted the stairs, starting a question at the bus driver, a fat, flatfaced Polynesian woman, with black hair skinned back into a heavy shiny bun, and a plumeria blossom tucked behind her left ear. Aloha. The woman stared back impassively, and relieved, Jennifer dropped her quarters into the box and clumped down the aisle of the half-empty bus to take a seat near the middle. Setting her package down on the cracked plastic cushion beside her, she held the drink in her hand and stared out the window at the passing telephone poles, wooden homes on short stilts in various stages of disrepair, and a gutted service station. The vegetation surrounding the decay was luxuriant, red hibiscus flowers glowing almost phosphorently in the thick greenery, ironwood trees drooping patches of shade over the road. Two miles to home.

Jennifer shifted her legs and took a long sip of her drink. The bus lurched to a halt and a group Of middleaged men and women with patchy sunburns, Pan Am flight bags, straw hats and cameras slung around their necks climbed on board. They quickly regrouped near the back. Jennifer took another pull at her drink as the bus lumbered back into traffic.

"You there!" The raucous voice had been calling some time before it broke into her consciousness. She looked up and met the little black eyes of the bus driver glaring into the rear view mirror. "Yes, you with the drink. What do you think you're doing?"

The bus roared on, and Jennifer looked around at the other passengers. They all seemed to be waiting with rapt attention for her answer. "You've got to get off the bus with that drink!"

They were nearing her stop. She gathered up her package, purse and drink, and made her way to the front, her stomach bumping into the poles she had to grab to keep her balance, the eyes of the other passengers watching her stagger, handhold by handhold, up the aisle as the busdriver rammed the bus forward into traffic.

She talked to the woman's back. "I'm getting off at the next

stop anyway," she said very softly, very humbly. "I'm sorry. I didn't know the rules."

The voice was loud, carrying, drunk with power. "You got eyes, don'tcha? Whaddya think that is?" The woman's thick hand lifted off the steering wheel and the thumb jerked upwards.

Jennifer's glance followed the woman's thumb. Buried in approximately 70 little signs that lined the walls above the windows was a notice, "Please kokua. No eating or drinking on The Bus."

The bus slammed to a stop and the driver flapped open the doors in a single fluid motion. The liquid in Jennifer's icee cup, now melted and watery, sloshed. She clutched it closer to keep it from spilling, wishing the straw didn't look so ridiculous hanging out of the top. "I'm sorry," she repeated. She glanced behind her at all the other passengers again, then started to move towards the gaping doors.

"Just don't let it happen again," the bus driver called in parting shot. Everyone could hear.

Jennifer turned to look at the woman, focused on the stupid little plumeria blossom tucked in her hair. People who wore flowers should be kind and cheerful. "Well excuse me," she said, her voice unnaturally loud in the still air. And staring at the bus driver, Jennifer was suddenly physically afraid because the woman seemed to be caught in a crack of time while she considered rising up out of her seat high above the road and coming down the steps to strike her. Instead, she jerked the giant steering wheel and guided the monster bus back into traffic, but her mouth was moving, spilling words drowned by traffic and the motor's exhaust as she pulled away from the stop.

Jennifer's tears dripped into the icee cup she held curled in her left hand all the way home, three blocks. The brown paper sack was bulky, the dishpan inside refusing to fit neatly under her arm. Her husband met her at the front door, swinging the screen open wide so she could come in. Jordan, her oldest child, stood beside him, thick blonde hair bleached white from the Hawaiian sun, his good school pants grimy with grass stains and dirt. "What's the mat-

ter, Mom?" Jordan asked, pulling at her purse, seeing her tears.

She jerked her purse out of his grasp, brushing him aside as she stalked in the door to the kitchen. She handed her husband the brown paper sack which he set on the table, and she crumpled up the icee cup and threw it in the sink. And her husband was comforting as she told her story, putting his arms around her, and listening while the late afternoon sunlight streaked in through the windows lighting up the eternal film of dust on the louvers. "Do I look like a hippie troublemaker?" she asked tearfully against his chest, the baby a solid mound between them. "Do I look like someone that needs to be put down? Look at me!" She looked down at the ugly blouse, at the belly swelling under it. "I'm just a housewife who made a mistake. I didn't deserve that."

"No," her husband said, "you didn't."

"I'm going to write the bus company."

"I think you should."

"Bus drivers are all morons," she said. "They give them an IQ test, and if they pass, they're fired."

Her husband didn't comment, and she saw him looking at the red and blue icee cup crumpled against the stainless steel, and she knew he was thinking she shouldn't have bought it. He was convinced Coke would cause birth defects. Betrayal.

She pulled out of his arms and saw that Jordan was going through the brown paper sack to see what she had bought. The plastic dish pan was upside down on the floor, and the pee-chee notebooks were scattered on the table. One was lying half in and half out of a long smear of spaghetti sauce still not wiped up from lunch. Her husband didn't know how to do dishes. "Get out of there," she shouted, then when he looked at her puzzled, screamed, "Get out of there. Look! Look what you've done. Spaghetti sauce all over these folders." She grabbed up a dishrag from the sink and began furiously wiping at the red sauce on the yellow pee-chee.

"Aren't these for me?" he asked, frightened.

"Yes they are—were, but that doesn't mean I want them all ruined before you even get them to school." He looked so blank, not

moving the pee-chee out of the sauce, just staring at her. "Just go—go outside and let me get this mess cleaned up."

Jordan's proud little face tightened, and she could see that he was repressing tears as he moved out of the room. Regret made her look to her husband as she stood there in full possession of the pee-chees. "I'm sorry," she said. "That was just, you know, the final straw." He didn't answer either, so she gathered up the notebooks and pee-chees and stuffed them back in the sack, set the sack in the dishpan and carried them toward her bedroom. Her shadow approached her on the opposite hall wall, large with the sack, ungainly, like some sort of prehistoric monster, ugly. She switched on the bedroom light and sat down on the bed. Holding the sack in her lap, she peered over the top of its flattened edges into the vanity mirror, surprised at what she didn't see there.

Stones warm me.  
Streams flow past.  
Rain falls, and  
Oceans swell  
To meet me.  
Can you guess?

--Neil Hughes



# Nivean

by Llewellyn Fisher



# He Inoa nō Pele!

by Mark James

I kinohi loa, aia ke ahi,  
A me ka wai.  
Ua kupu mai ka honua;  
Moku 'ula-hiwa,  
A me ka 'ele'ele noho'i.  
Nui ka ikaika i ke ki'eki'e.  
Kilakila noho'i ke kūnihi o nā  
pali.

Ua lele mai ka manu, 'ekahi,  
'elua, ā nui.  
Ua kupu ho'i ka wehi;  
Momona ia i ka hua.

Nui nā makahiki na'e,  
I ke ao a me ka po,  
Ua pā mai ka nalu,  
ka ua, a me ka makani.  
O ka mea 'oi'oi ia, ua lilo ia he  
mea poepoe;  
O ka mea ki'eki'e ia, he mea  
poupou.

I keia lā, he pu'uone li'ili'i i ka  
mama'o.  
Mālie hou ke kai.  
Lele nā manu.  
Kohea nā mea ā pau

In the beginning there was water  
and fire,  
And from these, land came  
forth;  
An island of rich red and black,  
Imposing in its mass,  
Majestic in the sheer height of its  
cliffs.

Birds soon came; first one, two,  
then many.  
And the land was covered in a  
lush verdure;  
Its fruit was rich indeed.

But through the years waves did  
pound;  
Wind and rains beat down.  
That which was sharp, slowly  
wore round;  
Unbending firmness grew soft  
with time.

Today, only a mound of sand  
remains,  
In a sea of pale green.  
The waters are again calm;  
The birds have since gone.  
All is quiet and serene.

(In memory of Parley  
Kanaka'ole, a friend and teacher)



# The Meadow

by Chris Loke

I can still remember when my family and I lived in a little cottage in the countryside. I grew up there and used to look out from my bedroom window to witness the wonders of nature which were always new, everyday.

The cottage, surrounded by green hills and mountains, lay in the middle of a vast meadow. Every morning I could hear the melodies of the birds, whose nests sat on top of the willow trees, as if they wanted to wake me up. The gentle breeze which blew from the north made the wide green meadow look like the waves of a green sea rushing to shore and created a song of nature, the whistling of the tall grasses.

That happened only during summer, when the meadow grew fresh, accompanied by the assorted wild flowers and beautiful butterflies. These butterflies flew like little fairies busy collecting nectars for their queen. When a stronger wind blew, the colorful dust from the wild flowers would float high up in the sky forming an exotic sight as if heaven were covered by a rainbow blanket.

I used to run in the meadow with my friends when we were young, stretching our arms as we ran, pretending to be eager kites, ready to soar with the clouds. We laughed and played our childhood games in our meadow playground. We plucked wild daisies and held them in a bunch to decorate our small rooms when we got home. We would then skip gaily to the other end of the meadow where a stream flowed gently towards the south to the green valley further down. Its current ran like the melody of a song, so smoothly with those golden fish swimming swiftly towards the valley. The water brushed softly against the slippery rocks creating a harmonious sound like the tingling of a thousand little bells. We would sit together on the bank watching the red sun as it rested behind the long ranged mountains. At that moment, the mountains looked like a huge dragon hiding its pearl behind him. All these things happened in the meadow.

During the winter, we had to stay at home only to see the once green meadow covered by a white carpet of snow. Everything seemed quiet. Everything felt cold. We could not run barefoot, chasing the bunnies and squirrels. The birds stopped chirping in the

mornings. They had all flown to the south for a warmer place to live.

I could then see the little stream at the other end frozen into a long line of crystal clear glass. The atmosphere was bare and lonely. All that I could hear was the sound of the cold barren ground being blown by the strong rough wind.

But when spring came, the meadow sprang to life. The baby buds of wild roses and daisies forced themselves out from the moist ground. Trees began to give birth to new leaves and the birds sang continuously their welcome songs as they hurried back from the south to witness a new metamorphosis of nature. It seemed to me, a new generation had begun.

Spring slowly grew into summer. Only this time, the breeze blew softer, the birds sang louder, the stream flowed faster, and the flowers bloomed in many more colors. But the meadow stayed the same, still whistling the same tune when blown by the slightest wind.

My friends and I still danced and played in the meadow, but every year the things in it had been different to us. Every summer we grew taller and older, until the day came when we no longer wanted to play in the meadow anymore.

Now, as I sit at the same spot where I used to be when I was young, beside the bedroom window, I recall the meadow, like a black and white photo. I stand gazing at the meadow. I can still smell the pleasant cedar scent of wild flowers when the silent wind blows.

Everything has changed, even the meadow. It is now golden instead of green, dead instead of alive. The only thing which seems familiar to me is the red sunset beyond the mountains, still looking like a dragon hiding its pearl behind him. Only this time, the dragon is old and its pearl fading faster behind him.

## Untitled Haiku

by Mike Spencer

The wind speaks of change  
as it churns the sands of time  
formed from mountain cores



# KAU'I LANI

by Curt Okimoto



# Blue Sand

by Mark Hisashi Tyau Sonomura  
*-To Hisashi Okawa. . . Grandpa*

I remember, Grandpa,  
and once again  
I follow you down a quiet beach,  
on a morning as young as the boy I am,  
smiling all over-  
I have you all to myself.

Again, you have something to show me:  
“Look.”

I look and see  
in the early, vague, only half-present light,  
cool and peaceful,  
a wonder, a boy’s first love.

On the beach,  
like sleeping electricity,  
are softly glowing blue stars.  
“Phosphorous,” you say.  
You know the magic names for everything.

“You can’t keep them,” you tell me gently  
when I try to take from the sand  
the tiny, brilliant grains, to save them from  
the incoming tide.

“They shine for just a little while.  
By noon they’ll seem  
like other grains of sand.  
They won’t glow again  
at night.”

But, Grandfather. . .

I have kept them.

# A Jungle Trek

by Sannie Tan Phaik San

An ominous rumble in the heavens and a shriek of lightning marred the saturnine sky. The strenuous clamber up Bukit Jeram had left me fatigued and drowsy. I knew my strength was drained, for I was already despondently dragging my nearly paralyzed feet along the jungle trail. I surmised that the daunting space surrounding me was inhabited by mysterious nymphs and trolls.

When I was a little girl, my mother once told me that dense forests are richly spirited with mystical inhabitants and supernatural life forms, waiting in ambush behind the trees. I believed her foolish superstition and, like a timid goat, was peering around the jungle on the lookout.

My first jungle trek in the Cameron Highlands lambasted my preconception of the word "easy." The falling crystals of rain had mercilessly drenched me. I was shaking with despair, enveloped by the cold misty fog, and practically starving in a tropical jungle twelve thousand feet above sea level. Puffs of white steam spewed from my quivering mouth when I exhaled. Somewhere in the back of my mind, my thoughts suggested that I had discovered the purity of nature in a paradise I had never known. But my exhaustion blinded me to its beauty. My failing mind and body demanded only shelter!

I could faintly hear the insects crawling hurriedly back to their nests and the rain splattering on the leaves of the banana trees. From afar, they looked like giant phantoms, hideously raising their hugh, flat, hands, swarming and grabbing at me. The trek had been six hours long and most frustrating of all, I was starving. The black and white striped *Anopheles* mosquitoes were already plunging towards me, like Japanese "kamikazes," drawing a generous pint of blood with their stingy needles. The black-soiled trail was soaked. Whenever I stepped on the slippery rocks, they would roll and make me stumble. The path snaked along hugh kebayans, eucalyptus, and canary trees. Prickly wild shrubs encircled me and I felt trapped by nature, like a bird caged by a hunter. Restlessly, I groped through the crowded bushes, like a distressed puppy escaping from a horde of wolves.

I scrambled through the dripping branches that lashed out at me, shredding my worn-out jeans and lacerating my thighs with their thorns. I vowed I would never follow Pak Dudah, a native Iban



guide, for another jungle trek. My frustrations fired from having to keep the cobweb's hairy denizens from my face. All along the way, silky and sticky cobwebs hanging all over the bushes licked my sour, sweaty cheeks. The spider-veils seemed to be welcoming my breakthrough.

Nonetheless, I cannot omit how stunned I was by the beauty of the deep, lush, untamed, revered, virgin forest. The surroundings were transformed into an inscrutable green wall. Dark and solemn as it looked, I never knew my country to be so raw and beautiful. However, it was seemingly impossible to search for a strong foothold with the bamboo trunks barring the path. Mossy green creepers sprawled abundantly through the crevices in between the eucalyptus and dammar trees. I even noticed a certain species of multi-colored poison mushrooms with red and yellow dots all over them, which dwelled on the rotten wood. The wild yellow orchids drooped their heads, shying away from the falling rain. An amazing discovery was the *Rafflesia*, the biggest flower in the world. Its meter-wide petals, blood red with faded yellow polka dots, gulped down a generous amount of rain rolling into its heart.

As I walked on, logic told me that the further I went, the nearer I was to muscle failure. My limbs and joints were straining and I felt sore. Pak Dudah was hard to catch up with. Stumpy and stocky though he was, this four foot one inch tall man trudged tenaciously along. His bare-feet slogged through the mucky and sodden laterite confidently. I had to believe he knew where he was going.

I was ready to give up when suddenly, Pak Dudah halted. Through my drowsiness, I noticed him lifting his hands and waving frantically at me. A spark of hope flickered within me. We had reached the end!

The dense rainforest suddenly sprang alive before my eyes and was a vision of God's original creation, untouched by civilization and preserved by its remoteness. Robinson Waterfall stood majestically shrouded in the heart of a hundred acre grove of wild flowers, white and yellow orchids, and fiery red hibiscus. A sumptuous aroma of fragrant potpourri revitalized and refreshed the aura in the magic garden.

Like a miracle, the pouring rain ceased falling. My stomach stopped growling. The dark glowering clouds dragged themselves away, exposing the once gloomy sky to the crimson dawn. In the center, a crystal clear turquoise-colored pool was nourished by the



plunging waters of the veil-like waterfall spilling over rocks, adorned with huge “paku-pakis” — a green sporadic fern. Dewdrops glided down the eucalyptus leaves and dribbled down my face. A surge of iciness wormed its way into my senses, and my body tingled with the refreshing coolness. All other sounds were blocked out as I stood mesmerized by the rushing water and fantasized back-to-Eden life, feeling entirely serene and relaxed. As I breathed in the new air around me, away from the suffocating mist, nature seemed to penetrate my soul. My tiredness vanished. I no longer felt caged, but like a blue bird soaring.

## Children of Pinatubo

by Glenn Chadderton

On road of ash our hearts were touched  
By outstretched hands and begging pleas,  
Reminders of how much we have  
Turn thoughts and hearts again to Thee.

To share your love throughout this land  
Thou sent us forth to do Thy will,  
And now we see that children's hands  
With cries for help are outstretched still.

As we rely on Thee for all  
The gifts of life we know,  
We now repay to needy hands  
And blessed we feel again.

# Na Keiki

by Ramona Teahi Tahanri



# Seeing Kaleidoscope Jones

by Shauna Barnes

My name is Bernise, Bernise Babano, and I swear my mother was high when she named me. Luckily, somewhere between the fifth grade and pimples, I picked up the nickname Echo. Anyway, I'm seventeen, a senior in high school, and a talented rebel. I live in a family of ten and am constantly shuffling amid seven rowdy, abusive, and utterly irritating brothers and sisters—four above and three below. So I guess that makes me almost, but not quite, the middle child, although that's worse than actually being the middle child. It leaves me no excuse for my psychologically deteriorated state. Oh well, that doesn't matter. I'm adopted and that's the only excuse I need.

Right now I'm on the subway to Brooklyn. I'm trying not to think of my family because, well, because I'm on the way to see my biological mother. It's a long story and I only have a half an hour until this traveling tube of graffiti stops in Kaleidoscope Jones' town, so I'll try to make it quick.

I guess this whole genetic quest began two years ago after a fight between me and Mom—my adopted mom, I mean. It started out as an argument over whether or not I should be wearing my magenta jeans and white tank top to school. It was actually kind of stupid and by the time I had been forced to change I spewed out something like, "I'm not your real daughter anyway, so why should you care?" And, of course, that had less to do with my magenta jeans and white tank top, and more to do with being fifteen, pubertal, and dogged by my first boyfriend the week before.

That year I pondered more over my adoption and became determined to make it the problem that would allow me the martyrdom of my youth. So, I decided that someday soon I would have to meet those who had given me life, red hair, and unattached earlobes. Someday—but not yet.

By the time I was sixteen, everyone from my dad to my youngest sister, Jalisa, would roll their eyes everytime I offered a discourse on my infantile abandonment and incongruence to the Babano family. I knew little about my biological mother except that she was a gypsy flower child. From what my parents understood, she didn't know who my father was, and didn't seem to care. Her



only request was that I keep my name: Bernise. It was the name of the party where I was conceived.

But my tirades on being an adopted waif didn't include this information, but were rather creative and woeful, and as they continued, I started to believe them myself.

One night, about two weeks after Christmas, Mom came into my room crying. The Christmas lights were still hanging outside our windows and they beat out a rhythm of yellow, blue, red, and green on Mom's wet face. I closed my eyes and tried to pretend I was asleep.

"Echo honey, I know you don't think you're happy right now and believe me, baby—the only thing we want is for you to be happy." She sat on the Holly Hobby bedspread partially slung over me and rubbed my shoulder over and over again.

"And if you want to get in contact with your biological mother, that's fine. Me and your father called the agency and have her address and phone number downstairs, but it's up to you."

My insides were numb and I rolled onto my side and waited for Mom to shut the door behind her.

For six months I thought about going to see Kaleidoscope Jones, the name I found scrawled uncertainly in Dad's handwriting across the top of a blue Post-it pad. I had avidly voiced my desire to see my real mother, but that name became almost too real in its black ink, making me question my motives.

But then I turned seventeen and began to think about college and philosophy and hereditary schizophrenia. That's when I decided that before I picked a university, I would see my biological mother.

A month ago I took it too far, boldly announcing, "I'm going to Brooklyn to see my biological mother, Kaleidoscope Jones."

Everyone on the patio stopped, balancing loaded paper plates in their hands. I had picked the end of the annual summer family picnic to tell them the monumental news. In response, Jalisa threw her cup of fizzy fruit punch over the side of the patio and slammed her plate on the picnic table, dismembering her hamburger and sending black olives rolling across the faded wooden planks.

"Why do you hate us so much?!" It was more a scream than a question she bellowed before turning her back on me, running through the sliding glass door to disappear in the echoes of her stair-stomping.

Looking down, I felt the shock, the odd tingle of guilt prick-



ling at my stomach as I set my plate next to Jalisa's and rushed down the steps and around the side yard where I leaned against the house and cried for an hour.

Two weeks before the eventful day, I called Kaleidoscope Jones. It had been harder than I expected, taking three tries (each on a different day) until I finally had the guts to respond to the raspy "hello" on the other line.

Each time Kaleidoscope Jones answered she mumbled something about reading Taro Cards and holding seances.

On the third try, "Kaleidoscope Jones, please," flew from my mouth like an unwanted waterfall.

Her answer, one syllable: "Yes."

"Uhhh. . ."

"Yes?"

"Uhhh. My name is Bernise and you're, you're my mother."

I had practiced a more subtle approach, using at least five sentences to lead up to the last. But for some reason, those words were the only ones that knew my tongue at the time. A long pause followed.

"Bernise?"

"Yes, but everyone calls me Echo."

The silence that followed was painful, and, rather than listen to the quiet buzz of the line, I volunteered my voice again. "You can call me Echo too, if. . . if you want."

"Echo?"

She seemed to be tasting the words for the first time and I began to wonder if she had ever thought of me these past seventeen years.

"Do you remember me?" I drove my pen hard into the notepad in front of me, feeling its point tear through a couple pages.

"I remember."

I wanted this conversation to be over. "I was hoping we could meet soon," I said, not questioning whether or not it was true anymore.

"You want to meet me?" She seemed surprised at my request as if she thought my call could have another motive. With a laugh that didn't sound very amused she uttered, "Why?"

"Because you're my mother," I snapped.

There wasn't much of a pause before she answered, "Whatever." Sighing, she continued, "Well, how do you want to do

this?”

And it was official.

Now, as the subway slides its way down the bumpy tracks I look at the face of my Mickey Mouse watch—five more minutes. My legs begin to tingle and I bounce nervously in my seat, sick flutterings brushing the walls of my throat. I wish I was home.

Looking down to the sticky, grey surface of the subway floor, I pick up my black backpack and shove the unopened romance novel inside while pulling out my rolled up jean jacket, noticing for the first time a bag of Mom's raisin cookies someone had slipped into the side pocket. I look back at my watch—three more minutes.

Chasing my thumbs in circles while I watch the movement of shadows outside the windows, I notice occasional sprays of words on the darkened walls: shouts of yellow, blue, red, and green. The painful prick returns to my stomach.

Two minutes later the subway begins to slow down, resisting with a loud chalky screech. Two years later it stops in the light of the subway corridor.

Kaleidoscope Jones said she would be waiting against the wall next to the stairway. As I step from the car, I see her. She's standing in the sheer length of her magenta skirt that shows the hefty curve of her legs. Her hair is long and slung over her shoulders, hitting her mid-stomach. I take a deep breath and step forward.

“Hi,” is all I can manage from my dry lips. Placing my backpack on the floor, I lean against the wall. She doesn't respond.

“Uhhh. I'm Bernise.”

“I know.” She remains rigid, making no move towards me.

“I really want to thank you for meeting me, and. . .”

“And?” Finally she turns to me. I watch her long silver earrings tangle themselves in her red, splintery hair and realize that's the only resemblance Kaleidoscope Jones and I share. A resemblance that can be found in about three people I pass everyday.

“Well, I'm sorry I made you come all the way out here,” I say, slinging my backpack back onto my shoulder. “But I think I better go home now.”

She gives a long nod, making no move to stop me. As I turn to walk away I pull out one of Mom's raisin cookies and begin to eat it, thinking I'll have to thank whoever put them in my pocket once I get home.

# Nene

by Darren West



*Darren West* 93

# Cat Guts

by D. Scott Kaina Barba

Most people in Hawaii claim to be unprejudiced toward other ethnic or cultural groups. In most cases this claim is true. However, I have found that everyone will have some kind of uncertainty about the credibility of anything new to them. People will always be a little prejudiced or a bit suspicious about new and different ideas. I found this to be true one summer in my own hometown.

When I was a little child growing up in the little Hawaiian town of Pahala, everyone got along quite well. Although there were many different cultural groups, everyone seemed to help each other out and to teach each other many different things. We ate each other's food and made each other's crafts. We all claimed to be culturally unprejudiced and accepting of each other. All of this changed, however, when an old Chinese couple moved into town.

We had not had Chinese people living in our town for ages. The last Chinese people who lived in Pahala had moved away quite a few decades earlier. Since then, there were stories and rumors in town about how peculiar Chinese people were. When word got out about the new couple moving into town, it seemed that was all anyone ever talked about.

When the couple finally arrived, everyone watched as they moved in. The local housewives called each other up on the phone and peeked out through kitchen windows. All of a sudden the men on the street decided to mow their front lawns. Children zoomed up and down the street on their bikes trying to get a look at the Chinese people whom all the elders called *Pake*.

The talk of the town was about the *Pake* living on Koali street. Men would talk about the *Pake* at the coffee shop. Women would gossip about the *Pake* in the produce section of the supermarket. There was talk about going over to meet the new people, but no one ever took breadfruit over or baked Portuguese sweet bread for them.

Things were the same among the neighborhood children. We would all stare at the old *Pake* man down the street. We would wonder why the strange man would line his garden with soda cans and pie pan pinwheels. We would watch the old *Pake* lady do her laundry in the sink outside.

"She no mo' washin' machine 'o what?" one of my friends



asked while the old lady did her daily chore.

"Ho, everyday she wash her clothes!" said another friend.

"Maybe dey only get little bit clothes," I replied.

"So what, dey no bathe too?" asked the same friend.

Our conversation began to get a little offensive as we gossiped on and on about what we thought the *Pake* did. One of my friends tried to enlighten us about the *Pake* world. "Eh, my faddah said dat his cousin friend said dat up Honomu side, get plenny *Pake* guys. He said dat dey stingy, sassy, and dey always tryin' fo steel from you!" We all shook our heads in disbelief. "Yeah, an dey eat cats too, you know!" We all rolled in laughter at the thought of someone actually eating a cat.

After a while our curiosity got the better of us. We rode our bikes to the house across the street from the old Chinese couple so that we could spy on them. What we then saw shocked us all. The old *Pake* lady was taking out large jars which contained chunks of something red and slimy. My friend Kawika immediately yelled out, "EEEEUUUU!! Look, she putting away da cat guts so she can eat 'em aftah!" We were all horrified.

We began to ride our bikes up and down the street, zooming past the house belting out choruses of "Miaow, miaow, cat kaukau!" The old lady paid no attention to us at all. She went about her work as usual. We did not seem to affect her in any way.

After a while I began to get tired of riding my bike up and down the street. I began to waver about on my bike, struggling to pedal. As I began to curve, one of my friends made a quick turn and smashed right into me. Fortunately for my friend, he landed on the grass. I took the worst of the fall, scraping my knee on the pavement. I screamed in pain as the air stung my fresh wound. The old *Pake* woman came running to my aid. I screamed in fear of her. She inspected my wounds and called for her husband. "Daddy, come help me with dis boy. He wen fall down."

The old man came out of the house, picked me up and carried me in. The old woman cleaned and bandaged my wounds. She asked if I was all right. I just nodded, whimpering. I was no longer afraid of her. She seemed so nice, not at all sassy like my friend said she was. Still, seeing my tears, the old lady said, "I give you someting to make you feel bettah." She stood and picked up one of the jars she had been filling. She took out a piece of the slimy, red chunks and handed it to me. I winced in protest, "No, I no like cat

guts!”

The old couple rolled with laughter. “No, no! It’s not cat guts. It’s pickled mango. Try it!” I looked at the slimy, red chunk and decided to take a bite. My friends were totally wrong so far, and I really loved mangos. I tasted, and it was absolutely delicious. I even asked for more.

I went home that day with a new perspective on life. I had just met the two nicest people in the world. They were not anything like the false images my friends had had of them. I built a strong friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Chen later on. They taught me to explore and learn new things and appreciate the wonderful diversity of life. To this day, my mouth waters at the thought of a nice juicy piece of cat guts.

If I were one,  
A dog that is,  
I’d complain.

She doesn’t,  
But rests her head  
On my arm with  
Brown eyes.

Yes, I’d complain.  
I’d yap like hell,  
And pack my bones.

--Neil Hughes

# Nocturne

by Wong, Lee Ian

The Physiotherapy Room gave Valery the hope she needed. She treaded onto the black conveyor belt and attempted to hold on to the cold steel bars on both sides. Her eyes focused on the belt when she tried hard to move her legs along. As the belt accelerated, Valery pushed herself to keep up with the pace. Her face stiffened and her legs simply allowed the belt to drag her on. She knew she wasn't moving at all. Only the black strap was. Valery felt a pain on her left ankle. The same excruciating pain whenever she exerted pressure. She knew she had to quit the exercise.

After a long, contemplative while, she pressed the red button, for if she insisted in carrying on, she would threaten yet another injury to her ankle. When Valery touched the button, the cold machine came to a halt with a final jerk.

Another futile attempt.

Once again, Valery surrendered herself to her failures, which made her wonder if she would ever dance again. She no longer felt as heart-stricken as the first day when the nurse wheeled her to the Physiotherapy Room.

Dance was been her life. She remembered the number of hours she spent in Guildhall Conservatory with her friends. Each evening, she would go home feeling totally exhausted. But she felt happy because she knew that her dream would come true soon.

"You will make it to the Royal Ballet, Val." Valery thought she heard the voice of her dance teacher again. She had been the most promising dancer in the school. However, Valery would no longer hold on to this promise made by her teacher. She had been in the hospital for nearly two months and showed very little sign of improvement. Although her doctor had tried different therapies, she did not seem to make much improvement.

"Do you feel a pain here?" Dr. Goven asked.

"No. I don't feel any pain at all now," lied Valery.

She wanted so much to get back to her previous way of life. The Swan Lake, Le Corsaire, Harlequinade and all. Her balletic joy!

"I have to get back to dancing again," she told all those who came to visit her.

"You'll have to fully recover before you take on the stage again," everybody advised.

"I'll make a come back. I certainly will!" said Valery in a very determined tone. She still continued to fight. The hospital staff did another X-ray. The X-ray showed a very fine fracture line on the lower left tibia.

"I'm afraid you will not be able to dance again," said Dr. Govem.

"What do you mean I'll not be able to dance again?"

"Valery, we have found out from the last X-ray that there is a fracture coupled with a degenerative condition in the lower left tibia," disclosed Dr. Govem.

"A degenerative condition? Are you telling me that I have Chonodromalacia?"

"I'm afraid so."

All dancers knew the damage this disease could do to an individual. Her greatest fear was confirmed when Dr. Govem nodded his head in silence. Valery knew too well that Chronodromalacia would result in the softening of the articular surfaces and when sloughed off into the joint would result in acute pain. This explained why Valery had flashes of pain whenever she tried to move her feet.

Valery had actually done herself irreparable damage when she refused to tell the doctor about her condition the first day she was admitted to the hospital after a fall from the beam.

Apparently, during the rehearsals of "Flames of Paris," she had danced through the injury rather than take time to properly care for it or obtain a medical opinion.

The young dancer did not want to miss any day of practice for fear of exclusion in the grand performance. She had always maintained good attendance. And her desire for artistic perfection had blinded her. For days, in quiet suffering, Valery had continued to practice. She seemed to protest even in her silence.

The room was empty when Dr. Govem and his nurse left. In her attempt to escape the deafening silence, she reached for the radio. The familiar nocturne was in the air once more. The music that had allowed her to dance her way to Guildhall turned into an elegy for her now.





